

Dear Harold,

December 20<sup>th</sup>  
Evening 1997

Greetings, How are you these days?  
I hear from Alma often, and my  
Heart. Hope. Sister Norma

Home.

Alma keeps in touch with us,  
cannot forget the good old days  
out on the West side, and your  
Parents & you many years Second and Lincoln  
Street. For me doing real good for 83 years (young)  
(Smile) Busy as usual here in our apt, Building and  
with my Lodge monthly meetings. Take care.  
Best wishes Sincerely Ethel B. Boston

looks to the  
Bradywine drug  
Store, She sees  
her quite often,  
She looks good.



12/24/97

Mrs. Ethel <sup>B</sup>. Boston  
320 E 5th St., #311  
Wilmington, DE 19801

Dear Ethel,

It was so thoughtful of you to send me a card! Many thanks, for it and for the note with it.

You ask how I am. My doctors say they are amazed that I'm still alive, but I am and although feeble, continue to write.

There is a new book coming out on Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., if you or any of your family are interested in him. It is The Last Crusade, written by a dear friend I was able to help with it.

Just got my advance copy of it today.

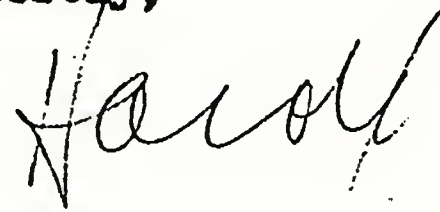
If any of you want it, it is by Dr. Gerald McKnight and any bookstore can get it.

I remember those "good old days" at Second and Lincoln very well, and one of the most pleasant of those memories is your mother. She was a very pleasant woman, patient and good <sup>my</sup> humored, a fine person in every way.

Glad you are taking the years as well as you seem to.

May you have many more and may they be the very best!

Sincerely,



When my father died, in the early 1930s, Mrs. Boston's mother helped my mother with the house work while my mother operated the grocery store. Mrs. Viola Braxton was not discriminated against. She ate at the table with me when she prepared food for me and was hungry herself. Her grandchildren have all gone to college and have done well and her son headed the local civic association in the middle-class section of Wilmington in which he lives a few years ago, a white section. Wilmington was below the Mason-Dixon line and there was segregation other than on public transportation. Ethel also invited me to her 50th wedding anniversary party but because I do not travel I did not go.